

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

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HERR REICHARDT begs respectfully to announce that he will give a MATINEE MUSICALE, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Duchess of Cambridge, the Countess Apponyi, Countess Bernstorff, His Excellency Baron Brunow, the Duchess of Wellington, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Marchioness of Downshire, the Countess of Jersey, the Countess of Fife, the Baroness Rothschild, Lady Shelley, and the Earl of Westmoreland, on Monday, June 28th, at the Hanover-square Rooms, commencing at Two o'clock. Tickets to be had at the residence of Herr Reichardt, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

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SIGNORI EM BILETTA AND SOLIERI'S ANNUAL

GRAND MATINEE MUSICALE, at Willis's Rooms, on Monday next, June 23, to commence at Half-past Two o'clock. Vocalists:—Mesdames Louisa Pyne, Susan Pyne, Cunyngname, and Marcolini; Signori Marras, Solieri, Badiali, Monari, Cimino, Herr Richard Deck, and M. Jules Lefort. Instrumentalists:—Herr Rubinstein, Herr Joachim, Sig. Piatini, Sig. Cavalli; Pianists Accompanateurs, MM. Benedict, Campana, Pinsuti, Biletta, and Balfe. Reserved Seats, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d., may be had of Signori Em Biletta and Solieri, 221, Regent-street; the principal music-sellers; and E. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond-street.

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All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will proceed, June 26, to Manchester, and perform in Dr. Mark's Grand Jubilee, Monday, June 28, Tuesday, June 29, and Wednesday, June 30th.

THE COUNTESS OF CELLANT.

(From our Milan Correspondent.)

Milan, 18th June, 1858.

ALL the musical theatres here, with the exception of the Radegonda, are closed, and the Italians, who draw their inspiration from the hour, and only live in excitement, would be in a dreadful state of ennui, but for the "Contessa di Cellant" having for the moment supplied a stimulant.

The Countess of Cellant is the heroine of a new drama which has been just published (written by a certain Luigi Giuseppe Vallardi, hitherto unknown in Italian literature), and the merits and demerits of which form at present the subject of general discussion. The friends of the author, both in the public journals and in society, have been "blowing the trumpet" with respect to the extraordinary genius of the new-found poet, or, as some say, the extraordinary genius displayed in the new-found drama (it being hinted that the work was found unfinished among some old papers which belonged to one of the Viscontis, by whom it is asserted to have been written), and the world were told by the trumpeters to expect something equal, if not surpassing, Shakspeare and Dante! The work has now, however, been brought before the public, and whether it be the wonderfully talented production which Signor Vallardi's friends consider it, or the culpable and daring defence of crime and immorality, which some of the Italians pronounce it, there is no doubt that the pages of the *Contessa di Cellant* contain many poetic beauties and proofs of genius of no common order. At any rate, the book has ran through two editions of several thousands in the course of ten days, unprecedented in modern Italy!

The scene is laid at Milan in the year 1567, at which period the Contessa di Cellant was executed in front of the Piazza di Castello of the city, having been convicted upon the charges of infidelity and notoriously immoral conduct, brought against her by her second husband, Count Cellant. This, be it remembered, was 300 years ago. Of the various delinquencies of the Contessa, the following extract from a very clever and spirited article in the Italian journal, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, will perhaps give the best idea, inasmuch as, although the writer is one of those hypercritical, and, may I say, mock-puritanical Italians, whose notions of morality are so "positively shocked" at some parts of the new drama, yet the facts stated in the portion of his review which I now select, are "admitted items" against the guilty Countess. The article supposes the Countess to be brought at the present day before a tribunal consisting of modern authors and critics, *L'Uomo di Pietra*, as president, interrogating the accused as follows:—

- President.—Your name?
 Accused.—Bianca Maria Scapardona.
 Pres.—Your country?
 Acc.—Monferrato.
 Pres.—Who was your father?
 Acc.—I have not known him; but they say he was a Jewish merchant.
 Pres.—Who was your first husband?
 Acc.—The Count Hermes Visconti.
 Pres.—How came you to marry a nobleman?
 Acc.—Because he was pleased with my beauty and my accomplishments.
 Pres.—You are modest. And how did he die?
 Acc.—Of indigestion—chronic.
 Pres.—Ah, very bad! And who was your second husband?
 Acc.—The Count of Cellant.
 Pres.—Why did you separate from him?
 Acc.—From incompatibility of character!
 Pres.—And not from any other reasons? (Smiling at the accused.)
 Acc.—(Blushing.) For love!
 Pres.—What love?
 Acc.—(In an affected manner.) You understand me.
 Pres.—Enough. And who was your lover?
 Acc.—The Signor Ardizzino Valperga!
 Pres.—Ah, he was one, and the other?
 Acc.—The other?
 Pres.—Reply, because justice knows all, and if you are sincere, I promise you mercy?

Acc.—The Signor Roberto Sanserverino, Count of Gijazzo.

Pres.—Did you love them both at the same time?

Acc.—Calumny!

Pres.—Justice knows everything! One in the evening, and the other in the morning? Speak, and you will have no cause to regret it.

Acc.—One in the evening, the other in the morning.

Pres.—And a third in the middle of the day?

Acc.—Calumny!

Pres.—It is not sufficient to reply "Calumny." Peter Cardona, a Spaniard? I promise you mercy.

Acc.—Do you swear it?

Pres.—On the word of the President!

Acc.—(Reluctantly.) Yes, also Peter Cardona.

&c., &c., &c.

And this is the woman whom the Signor Vallardi has chosen for his heroine, and whom he represents in his drama (and successfully, so far as the drama itself is concerned), as the innocent victim of foul-tongued calumny, spurned and rejected admirers, and a cruel, tyrannical and jealous husband.

Signor Vallardi (if really the author of the *Contessa di Cellant*, which there appears no sufficient reason to doubt), is evidently a man of talent, and also a man of courage. But he has attempted too much, in undertaking the office of defender of the memory of the Countess of Cellant. He should choose better and nobler subjects. The very men who are loudest in condemnation of the book do the same thing every week in their journals, for which they now blame Signor Vallardi. Instead of exposing vice they constantly cover it with a glittering tinsel; but with them, all is tinsel, while Signor Vallardi is evidently capable of better things. It is one among the many evidences of the decay of genius and intellect in Italy, that there is scarcely a single writer at present actuated by any lofty or useful motive. They all humour a depraved taste, and lower themselves by writing down to the public, instead of attempting to raise the public up to them. If they be honest men, they do not show it. They live to write, and write to live—most of them loose livers and loose writers who

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to."

If Sig. Vallardi has defended the memory of the Countess of Cellant from a strong moral conviction of her innocence, he has plended well on her behalf, but his task was too desperate to expect a verdict in favour of his client. When next we hear of Sig. Vallardi, it is to be hoped it may be as a castigat of vice, and not its advocate. Such gifts as his should be directed towards effecting some improvement and reform in the moral and social condition of his countrymen, of which they stand at present so much in need. The drama is written in prose, and is not calculated for dramatic representation; the speeches are most of them too long, and the characters too numerous. The character of Moro, the enemy of the Countess, (the Iago of the play,) is powerfully drawn; and that of Corilla, a nun, and niece of the Countess, in love with Carlo Valperga, who, according to the drama, is falsely stated to be also a "Ciciseo" of Cellant's, is a really beautiful creation. Corilla is, beyond doubt, the gem of the drama, and it is here, in the cause of true love, and true virtue, that the author seems to have felt that he had got elbow room. The character of Bernardino Luino, the celebrated painter, and friend of Cellant's, speaks also in language worthy of so great a man.

The author dedicates his drama

"To the Ladies of Lombardy,
 for
 Beauty, Courage, and Piety,
 second to none,
 This Drama, &c., &c."

and this, with reference to the very name of "Cellant," has offended certain "delicate susceptibilities."

I have ventured to attempt a translation of a few passages as specimens of the author's style:—

Pasterla.—(A young Italian, with reference to the apathy of his countrymen under the presence and oppression of the Spanish Army in Milan).—Proceed, slaves of the iron collar, sheep of the burning brand! The trumpet announces that the gates of the castle are open, and that

the soldiers are about to riot in your streets. I hear the shout that fills you with alarm, and urges you to retire. It is a day of festivity, close your shops—let your tables be served, and adorn your wives like courtesans. Hasten, hasten—they knock and demand hospitality and courtesy. Beware of the impression they seek to make on your daughters! 'Tis well—applaud the songs and kisses of the barbarians, that make the pictures of the saints hanging upon your walls turn pale. Endure with patience, and you will be favoured. The houses of the poor cannot raise armorial bearings to make their inmates respected, nor do they contain ruffians hired to defend them. The "Bears," different in skin, but similar in appetite, have crossed the mountains, and descended on your fertile plains. The barrier has been broken down by your indolence. They would reap, instead of you! Go to your Ambrosian torments! The sweat of shame will soften the agony of the wounds, and teach you that the followers in the train of a foreign triumph are ignorance, discord, hunger, pestilence, and heresy! Oh, the seed of such fruit will spread itself for many centuries over this unfortunate land, unless it be crushed or purified. Then, and only then, my dear country, thou wilt revive.*

The Sardonio Moro exclaims:—

"The mind and the heart resemble two sepulchres covered by the same stone: the air that penetrates through the fissures of the one corrupts the corpse that reposes in the other."

The young nun Corilla says:—

"Of the world I have only a weak and confused idea, formed at the period when I resided with my parents. But what matters: no one has returned from heaven, and yet scenes and minute things are depicted before us which seem to speak of that celestial sphere. I ascend the tower, and I see the city below me, the country around, the blue mountains in the distance, and I sigh for liberty! I gather a bunch of flowers to lay upon the altar, and their colour, their fragrance, tells me, that creation was never meant to begin and end in bitterness, . . . and I pant for life. In this book (*showing a Book of Prayer*) it is written, that the saints, disgusted with the pleasures of the world, built the monasteries, in which we, who have seen or know nothing of it, are doomed to be for ever incarcerated."

"*Bianca (the Countess Cellant)*.—Miserable and contemptible creatures, prouder of the beautiful bracelet that glitters upon her arm than of the woman who leans upon you. But this I ought to have foreseen. Men, incredulous of the honour of a friend, and wanting the courage to defend them against their calumniators. When they show themselves in public with you, and witness the sneer and the smile of your enemies, they view it not with agitated blood, but pass it over in silence, fearing lest by encountering the insolent with a look, they may compromise their own character; and, if afterwards, they have the courage to demand of the injured victim the reason of that smile, they construe her silence, her tears, her anguish, into a confession of her guilt! . . . Is it not strange that such a man, though he has a thousand times sworn to love you, invariably, throws off the mask, and joins the ranks of your enemies, creatures with asses' heads and vipers' tongues, who bestow upon you some vile word, that uttered in the evening in their cups, is repeated by listeners on the morrow, and the next day becomes a proverb! . . . Oh, my countrywomen, you with a modest appearance combine an innocent heart, this awaits you from lovers who possess the fame of nobility and valour!"

"*Bianca, again*.—My censors have established a most comprehensive school against me—"Twere best I wore a mask, changing it continually, for fear of being known." I walk out—"See, she is tired of being alone." I go into the country—"It is to fulfil some secret engagement."—"I am ill."—"I do not receive company, in order to enjoy greater liberty."—"I am gay."—"I shall never leave off the follies of my youthful days."—"I am melancholy."—"Ah, you see they have abandoned her."—"Tis fortunate that I have no children, or they would be sure to say—"Mark the resemblance," alluding to some reputed lover.

"*The Countess (to the painter Luino)*.—See some portraits which have a decided resemblance, but are yet without life. Tell me the reason.

"*Luino*.—It is easy to obtain a likeness when we paint with fidelity every feature, but it is not so easy to give it life. Every countenance has its own peculiar expression, according to the feelings by which the individual is actuated, and to represent it at one of these moments is one of the great secrets of our art. But this habit must not be confounded with the expression which may be exhibited under peculiar

circumstances, or the portrait will be that of an actor when he endeavours to represent a character.

Want of time prevents further extracts. I fear that in what I have translated, I have done but little justice to the Italian dramatist.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 381.)

ALTHOUGH California possesses but one perfect harbour, that of San Francisco, yet it is one of the noblest in the world: the so-called harbours of San Diego, Monterey, Bodegas, Half Moon Bay, and others, whose names I forget, are mere roadsteads, where, if a north-western begins to blow, there is no time to heave up the anchor, but it is slipped, and vessels peg away to sea, as the sailors say, in quick sticks. But the Bay of San Francisco, or rather I should say the bays, extend into the interior for hundreds of miles, that is, taking into account the noble rivers that have their rise in the mountains, and navigable for an extraordinary distance, fall into the great receiving basin, and thence into the Pacific through the Golden Gate. These rivers and bays were already, at this early period of the golden State's history, well supplied with excellent steam-boats, with the many comforts and luxuries for which these travelling hotels are so justly celebrated, and enormous fortunes have been realised by the enterprising proprietors. The shores of the bays are very sparsely supplied with timber for a distance of about forty miles from San Francisco, but the numerous rocky islets were literally alive with water-fowl of every description, from the little dab-chick to the enormous white pelican, a specimen of which I saw shot that measured twenty-two feet from the extreme points of the wings. Curlew, snipe, and plover flutter about in myriads; and as you enter the narrow passages of the rivers, you ever and anon catch sight of the solitary bustard sneaking along the sedgy banks, or pop round a corner suddenly upon a congregation of milk-white cranes, who with a chorus of indignant croaks, soar away with their necks twisted back, and their spindle shanks hanging down, each a kind of ornithological daddy long-legs. Soon the cotton-wood trees, sycamores, and those light, pulpy woods that prefer the vicinity of the water, make their appearance. A wild grape, in luxuriant festoons, creeps lovingly up the branches, forming at times beautiful leafy screens; while, as you pass savannahs or open country, a herd of antelopes will canter pleasantly down to the bank, and after satisfying their curiosity by a rapid stare from their beautiful eyes, wheel round like a squadron of light cavalry, and scamper away with the air of gentlemen who had performed a solemn duty, and who were therefore entitled to indulge in a little self-gratulation.

At times, during a very rainy season, the waters flood all the valleys and lowlands, and then the various denizens of the plains, the elk, antelope, deer, and large herds of cattle, take refuge upon the higher points of land, and are often rescued by boats, sometimes when the poor creatures have been so long standing in the water that the hoofs literally rot off, and leave the wretched animals upon their bleeding stumps. We were now upon the great Sacramento river, which receives into its embraces other rivers of a similar roving tendency, which wind through the great alluvial valley of the Sacramento, now one of the most extraordinary wheat-growing districts in the world. And it would seem that nature had lavished her bountiful gifts upon this favoured land; for not only do her mountains teem with gold and her hill-tops yield noble timber, but her valleys are mines of precious metal to the agriculturist, the yield from cereal grains being almost incredible. There is neither frost nor snow, the rains make their appearance periodically, and although the temperature of the air is high, no oppressive feelings arise, for the atmosphere is very attenuated; and I have suffered more from the heat of the weather in London, with the thermometer at eighty degrees in the shade, than in this fair land at a hundred and ten. Electric phenomena are also unknown, for the soil is so impregnated with magnetic iron, that it becomes a huge battery or accumulator of electricity, regulating a balance above

* The young Pasteria's sentiments smell strongly of 1848 instead of 1567.

and below—so much so, that in short lines of telegraph there is no absolute necessity for insulating the wires, as was the case for a considerable time in the line from the Heads to the city of San Francisco.

The city of Sacramento is situated upon the banks of the river, at the embarcadero, or landing-place of Sutter's Fort (of which more anon). It lies about twenty feet *below* the level of the river when swollen by the rains or the melted snows, and is protected by an embankment, or levee as it is called, but spite of this protection, the city has been often inundated, and has suffered severely in consequence; and at one time the flood came upon the heels of a fire that laid the devoted city in ashes, so that some idea may be formed of the "particular unhandsome fix" the people were in. Indeed, a month before our arrival, one of these periodical submergings had visited the place, the remains of which visitation were very apparent: and it speaks volumes for the healthiness of the climate, that upon the recession of the waters, which leave their slimy mud behind to fester in the sun, epidemic diseases are unknown. The city is laid out with fine noble wide streets at right angles, which, although I have no doubt a convenient method of building, I never could abide. There is such a want of picturesque beauty about it, and your eye gets so tired of straight lines crossed by other straight lines, that you long for a bit of crooked street as a relief to the monotonous effect. In the middle of one of the principal streets were several noble trees, which, with great good taste, had been spared the devastating axe: the last great fire has, however, levelled these old giants of the forest, and they will never again be used for the singular purpose that they were put to in the early history of the settlement, which was that of suspending a couple of gentlemen, who had committed murder or some such primitive amusement, by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead. Those times have passed, and I hope the necessity will never occur again, when the quiet and law-abiding citizens will have to rise *en masse*, and resolving society into its first elements, by a singular anomaly break the law for the very purpose of sustaining it.

Our first two concerts were given in a church, as the theatre was not then disengaged. We afterwards obtained it, and gave four concerts a-week for three weeks with very good success, although not equal to our San Francisco engagement. Having little to do upon our non-performing nights, I made several *excursions* into the country (as Mrs. Partington would call them); went to the races at Brighton, about twelve miles distant; had several pic-nics at a delightful place called Oak Grove, near the city; and was much interested with a trip to Sutter's Fort. This decayed monument of man's energy and perseverance was erected by a very singular personage, who figures largely in the early history of California. Captain Sutter was a captain in the Swiss Guard of Charles the Tenth, and after the revolution of the bourgeoisie which elevated Louis-Philippe to the throne of the French, with native energy emigrated to this far-off land.

At that time the great harbour of San Francisco was only known to a few traders, principally Russians, who went there for hides, and the only houses were those used for the purpose of curing the hides, and the residence of the factor, or chief cook and bottle-washer of the concern. Monterey was the only approach to a regular port, and here Captain Sutter landed, having purchased a large grant of land from the Mexican government. His object was to found a new home, a new settlement in the wilderness; and he did. He founded a nation; for the great opening wedge that was to lay bare the riches of the land to all nations, Gold, was discovered by his workmen, while digging a mill-race at one of his outer stations, Coloma.

But I am anticipating. Sutter was a man of great energy, combined with which he possessed an extraordinary fund of good-nature, and, with a spirit born to command, was the most generous and gentle of beings. He soon made friends with a tribe of Indians, who looked upon him as their white father, and the remnant of which tribe are pensioners upon his bounty still. He landed cannon from his vessel at Monterey, packed his provisions and agricultural implements, and started, like a peaceful conqueror, a journey of seven hundred miles across the country, wild and untenanted, save by the wild beast or

wilder man, to his settlement, which, with a natural love of home, he christened New Helvetia. Here he erected a quadrangular fort of sun-dried adobes; the four corners had towers, or bastions, upon which he mounted his cannon, and, with a good supply of ammunition, could always bid defiance to any far-off tribe of Indians, who might incline to make a raid upon him. As for those tribes his near neighbours, they loved him too well to molest him, and he pursued his way, a peaceful, thriving agriculturist. Soon the war between the United States and Mexico broke out; parties of mountain soldiery, headed by the gallant explorer Fremont, and his iron-framed guide, Kit Carson, penetrated across the Rocky Mountains, while a regiment of New York *gamins*, commanded by Col. Stevenson (now a respected lawyer of San Francisco), were landed seaward. The country was soon in the possession of the Americans; and as most of the Mexicans took both sides of the question (like the old Scotch lords in the Jacobite rebellion), they managed to save their lands. Captain Sutter was always strongly in favour of the American occupation, and aided them by every means in his power; and most ungratefully has he been repaid. He has spent thousands of pounds upon relief parties sent out into the desert to relieve the starving and freezing immigrants, and was always ready to supply the government with horses; but he never has been repaid a single penny, and until lately did not even have his possessions confirmed to him, which was long after they had all melted away through the chicanery of lawyers, the ingratitude of false friends, and his childishly generous disposition; and the old gentleman, bearing the empty honour of Major General of the forces of the State, from the wreck of his princely domains has saved but one farm of about four hundred acres, where he is cultivating the grape for the purpose of making Hock wine, and where the fine old gentleman, one of the few remaining specimens of the *ancien régime*, hospitably receives all who will honour him by paying Hock Farm a visit.

(To be continued.)

ZAUBRISCHREI ZUM FLOSSER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Of two things (if not neither) both, or either:—

1. Can you or any of your readers inform me in what town, city, village or hamlet, Herr Anton Rubinstein, the celebrated Muscovite piano-player, "achieved the nimbus?"
2. Can you or any of your readers tell me where I can obtain (clean) copies of the (string) quartets of Nuske and Savj?

Your obedient servant,

Yate, near Arrmr, June 24.

NAVEL-WORT.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

Dublin, June 21st, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—Do not let your valuable correspondent, AMATEUR, suppose that the Irish are not able to value and appreciate, and anxious to hear the classical music of the masters of the tuneful art. It has long been a subject of regret, and, indeed, of indignation, to multitudes of us on this side of the Channel, to find the pure and wholesome services of Rogers, Boyce, King, Green, Tallis, &c., and their excellent contemporaries shelved, to make way for the scissors and paste patchwork of poor and egotistical incompetency, and self-sufficient pride and naughtiness of heart. In the Cathedral itself the vicars-choral hate the trash they are compelled to lend themselves to; but what can they do, when the powers that be will hear nothing against the imbecility of the hero of the paste-pot. If report does not speak amiss, we are likely to be indulged with a burlesque of Haydn, during the next winter, from the same *stall*. Mendelssohn is said to have proved too tough for the already fatigued scissors of the glorious compiler. But in sober earnestness, do let us thank you, Mr. Editor, for your kindness in moving for our rescue from this present Egyptian darkness.

I remain, dear Editor, yours faithfully,

ANTYMARKS.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. Charles Kean holds a lease of this theatre until August twelvemonth.

ROSSINI'S BARBIERE.

WHEN the celebrated tenor, Garcia, the father of Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot, came to Paris, and presented to the manager of the Théâtre-Italien the score of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, the work of his friend, young Rossini, whose name was beginning to be known on both sides the Alps, he had to overcome a redoubtable opposition, principally on the part of the illustrious Paër, then all-powerful in musical matters, and who, without undervaluing the great talent of the young *maestro* of Bologna, or rather because he perceived too plainly his rising talent, wished to shut the door in his new rival's face. It was this combat of old Paër against young art which furnished M. Scribe with the well-known subject of his *Concert à la Cour*, and the character of the crafty manager, whose intrigues long obstruct and imperil the success of a *débutante*, destined, of course, in the long run, to triumph over the plots of the scheming *maître-de-chapelle*.

Garcia, without being discouraged, disputed the ground, inch by inch, with the obstinate and malicious author of *Agnèse*, and with such success, that the latter, beaten back to his last entrenchments, offered to be guided in the matter by the decision and well-proved good taste of Habeneck, who then swayed the dictatorial sceptre of the Opéra.

Habeneck, a great musician, and incapable of jealousy, received the score of *Il Barbiere*. He kept it for a long time, went through it, examined it, and, at length, gave it back to Garcia, stating that, "without doubt, there were some tolerably pretty things in the work, but that a select public, like that of the Italiens, at Paris, required *operas of greater strength*; that the work in question was all very well as an operetta, manufactured in a hurry for a carnival or an Italian fair" (it is true the *Barbiere* was conceived, written, and played in twenty days), "but that no one could think of introducing productions of such slight texture to a Parisian audience," etc.

Paër triumphed, but Garcia, fortunately for Rossini, would not be beaten. His energetic conviction, his devotion to the *maestro*, and his ardent desire to play before the Parisians the character of Almaviva, which he had created at Rome, and of which he had himself composed the famous serenade, "Io son Lindoro!" triumphed over every obstacle. Taking advantage of the fact that his services were needed as tenor, he would only consent to engage on condition of singing Rossini's *Barbiere* conjointly with Paisiello's. The rest is known. After a little indecision, the public evinced an enthusiastic admiration for the *Barbiere* of Rossini, while that of Paisiello was neglected. The revolution, so clearly perceived and obstinately combatted by Paër, took place in musical art, and Rossini reigned, as he does still.

This anecdote was related, long afterwards, by Habeneck himself, as a striking example of the fallibility and uncertainty of human judgment.

HAMBURG. — Herr Leopold von Meyer, the well-known saloon-pianist, from Vienna, stopped here a few days, during his almost uninterrupted series of tours throughout the country. He gave, a short time since, six concerts in Cracow (in the Polish theatre). He afterwards gave three in the theatre at Warsaw, and then two, which were extraordinarily well-attended, in St. Petersburg, (in the grand rooms of the nobility), the Imperial Court, as well as the most fashionable circles, being numerously represented. His success was something unusual, as already stated in a late number of the *Paris Gazette Musicale*. This restless traveller, whose talent does not allow him to remain long in any one place, will, in obedience to an invitation from the Imperial Governor of Warsaw, proceed, next week, to add a lustre to the festivities accompanying the races there, which are generally attended by the highest aristocracy. He will then return to his native town, Vienna. At the Stadttheater, Herr Stighelli has given satisfaction as Manrico in *Il Trovatore*, both by his excellently-trained voice and great feeling and intelligence, combined with a most unusually clear and intelligible pronunciation.

ROSSINI'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

ROSSINI has just left the Boulevard des Italiens, and the Chaussée d'Antin, to take possession of his summer retreat at Beauséjour, a spot connected with some of the most pleasing reminiscences of his life.

The illustrious master resided there at the time when Madame Récamier, the Princess de Lieven, M. Guizot, and a host of other celebrities made it their place of meeting. You might have saluted Châteaubriand and Rossini in the same alley.

The old pavilion, honoured by being the birthplace of more than one inspiration of the author of *Guillaume Tell*, has made way for a new building, without sacrificing anything of the green foliage, which sheltered the residence of the illustrious master. There are still the same lilacs in blossom every spring, and, within two or three generations, the same linnets and the same nightingales, which seek a refuge and indulge in a concert there every morning. It is within two paces of this old residence, within the same walls, and at the entrance of the Bois de Boulogne, that Rossini has come to seek the air of other times, the breeze wafted from Bellevue and from St. Cloud, that is to say, the perfume of the fields, without leaving Paris or his Boulevards, from which he could not tear himself away even exceptionally.

The pavilion of the Princess de Talleyrand, to whom Beauséjour belonged nearly half a century ago, has flung open its doors to him. From its proximity to the Bois de Boulogne, the celebrated composer is enabled, every morning, to take his first walk to Passy and Auteuil, passing, like a schoolboy, near the Artesian well in the plain, that gigantic work whose subterranean wonders interest in the greatest degree his inquiring mind. The slightest pulsations of this incessant boring process are interrogated by him, and his most lively wish is to be one of the first, if not absolutely the first, at the marvellous spectacle of the water gushing and springing forth, torn by the hand of man from the deepest entrails of the earth. It is still the great German borer, M. Kind, who, under the direction and with the assistance of M. Alphand, the chief engineer of the Bois de Boulogne, is urging forward, night and day, the deliverance of the sheet of water, destined soon to spread its hurrying waves towards Passy, Neuilly, Auteuil, and Boulogne. This gentleman only understands his ultra-Rhenish idiom, the only one, perhaps, not familiar to Rossini. Consequently, the celebrated master obtains from him simply the short but expressive reply, "*Malhour*" or "*Bonhour*," according to the exciting oscillations of the interminable process of boring, which promises, however, to be brought to a successful termination, like all the great enterprises of the age.

Although, at the first dawn of day, Rossini strides with a light and firm step through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, he is only the better disposed every evening to take part in the most varied and sparkling conversation. His Parisian friends do not desert him; he has an amiable remark for everyone, and something to say on everything. During the day he willingly sits down to the piano, and extemporises adorable bagatelles. From time to time, "the noble game of billiards"—as it used to be called—has the privilege of engaging his attention. Such days are festive days to the neighbour who has the honour of receiving him—together with Levasseur, Ponchard, Mesdames Rossini and Fodor—and of sometimes hearing Nadaud's songs, of which Rossini is particularly fond. A cue of honour, touched by no hand but the master's, and surmounted by a crown with gold leaves, while opposite it is the bust which inspired the chisel of Dantan—such is the coat-of-arms of the highly-privileged billiard-room. The conversation never languishes, and the "Swan of Pesaro" is always the hero, as a matter of course.

Such is the way in which Rossini spends his summer, loved and venerated by every one, loving all around him, and happy at having again found France, and his friends of former times, and at having returned to Paris, after which he had sighed for twenty years.—*Moniteur*.

TAMBURINI, after all, is not engaged at Drury Lane, and Sig. Badiali will play Don Giovanni.

REUNION DES ARTS.—(From a Correspondent).—Joachim and Rubinstein were the attractions at the *soirée*, June 16th. They performed together the grand sonata, in C minor, of Beethoven, for pianoforte and violin, in truly magnificent style, and the audience applauded enthusiastically during the whole of it. Herr Rubinstein's solos were, as usual, extraordinary performances. The well-known quintet of Hummel was excellently rendered by Messrs. Rubinstein, Goffric, Schmidt, Paque, and Howell. Miss Mahlah Homer (a young singer), and Signor Guglielmo, the vocalists, were much applauded; as was also Monsieur Paque in a clever violoncello solo. Herr Adolph Schloesser and Herr W. Ganz were conductors.

PRAGUE.—We have received from the Committee of the Jubilee of the Conservatory, the following communication, with a request that we would give it publicity:—Programme of the 50th anniversary of the Prague Conservatory, to be held from the 7th to the 10th July, 1858. On the 7th July, at ten o'clock, A.M., a solemn high mass and *Te Deum*, in the St. Jacobskirche, in the Altstadt. At six o'clock, P.M., a grand concert of the Conservatory in the Ständisches Theater. The concerted pieces will be performed exclusively by pupils now in the institution, and the solos by artists educated there. On the 8th July, at seven, P.M., a grand performance in the Ständisches Theater. On the 9th July, at seven, P.M., a grand concert of sacred music, in the Ständisches Theater.—A. The 100th Psalm, by Handel; B. The Ninth Symphony, with chorus, by L. van Beethoven, executed by the pupils of the Conservatory, the members of the Cäcilien-Verein, and of the orchestra of the Ständisches Theater, assisted by several artists and amateurs, as well as by such visitors as may choose to take part in the proceedings. On the 10th July, a grand dinner, given by the Association for the Advancement of Music, to the visitors and persons engaged in the Festival, namely—A. Persons specially invited, Conservatories of Music, and former pupils at the Conservatory at Prague. B. All working-members of the Association for the Advancement of Music in Bohemia. C. The professors and teachers of the Prague Conservatory. D. All musical amateurs who may signify their wish to be present, and pay ten florins currency for their tickets.

VIENNA.—Herr Eckert, who has returned from Paris, has engaged Mdle. Brand, from Brunswick, for play-operas, and Mdle. Praise, who achieved her first success, years ago, at the Imperial Opera, as *bravura* singer. As we hear, Mdle. Titiens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London. Signor Giuglini, Imperial Austrian chamber-singer, is again engaged as first tenor at the Imperial Opera for the season of 1861. He will previously proceed to America, where he is engaged for seven months, at the rate of 16,000 florins a month. Mad. Charton-Demeure the graceful representative of Susanne, has been appointed chamber-singer by his Majesty the Emperor. The Italian operatic company has, at present, no less than six *Cantante e Cantanti di Camara di S.M.I.R.A.*, namely, Mesdames Medori, Brambilla, Charton-Demeur, MM. Bettini, Carion, and Debassini. The well-known Meccenas of Art, Count Dietrichsen, has made Mad. Demeur a valuable present, consisting of two rare autograph MSS. by Mozart, an aria of a serious kind, and an arietta to—an aching tooth.

ZELLNER AND LEOPOLD DE MEYER.—The Vienna *Blätter für Musik* contains the following notice:—"Dr. Wiedenfeld, the legal adviser of Herr Leopold von Meyer, has deemed it necessary to appeal to the highest judicial court, the Imperial Highest Court (Cassationshof), in the well known action of Herr L. von Meyer against me for defamation of character, and publicly to announce the fact in the *Fremdenblatt*. Without thinking it necessary to examine into the motives of this proceeding, which, to say the least, is superfluous—motives that, on account of the inimical spirit manifested against me by the publication in question, need no further investigation—I shall content myself with stating that the Imperial Highest Court has confirmed the verdict of acquittal without costs pronounced by the Imperial *Oberlandesgericht*, and that Herr L. von Meyer has lost both his appeals.—Vienna, 27th May, 1858.—L. A. ZELLNER."

MUSICIANS AND MANIACS.

(From Punch.)

THE following Paper was picked up between St. James's Hall and Hanwell, at the height of the late hot weather:—

I am not mad! I'm but *fanatico*
Per la musica—"De Lunatico
Inquirendo" no commission
 On my person e'er shall sit!
 No Forbes Winslow, Conolly, Sutherland,
 No mad doctors' inquisition
 To the question shall put my wit.
 I scorn the science of father and mother-land.
 But the art of Italia, Deutschland and Gallia,
 How I revel, how I rage, how I wanton in it!
 Bravo, Brava, Bravi, Bravissimo,
 E' Fortissimo, E' Pianissimo!
 Two Philharmonic Castalios flowing,
 Three Italian Operas going
 Hammer and tongs,
 Trombones and gongs!
 Viola, Violin, Violoncello,
 Clarinet shrill and Saxhorn mellow—
 Flauti, fagotti, cembale sounding,
 Kettle-drums clashing, big-drums pounding,
 And confusion worse confounding!
 Three *Traviatas* in diff'rent quarters,
 Three *Rigoletti* murr'ring their daughters!!
 Three *Trovaristi* beheading their brothers,
 By the artful contrivance of three gipsy mothers!!!
 Verdi in the Haymarket, Verdi at the Lane,
 Green's in Covent Garden, and Verdi again!
 Was ever a being so music-be-riden!
 Barrel-organ-beground: German-brass-band-bestriden!
 What with all the Concerts at the Halls,
 And the Oratorios—*Samsons* and *Sauls*—
 Mozart and Mendelssohn, Haydn and Handel—
 All lights of the art in every part,
 From the blaze of the Sun to a farthing candle!
 And the Classical matinées,
 With Claus's touch satiny,
 That to hear her your heart seems to go pit-a-pat in ye—
 And Hallé so dignified, pure, and sonorous,
 And Henry Leslie's amateur chorus,
 And fair Arabella, so melting and mellow,
 That she charms the stern judgment of Autocrat Ella,
 And Rubinstein,—rapid and rattling of fist,
 That one cries out with *Hamlet's* Papa, "*Liszt, Oh List.*"
 And Piatti, *Di Dio, con fuoco, con brio*,
 The famed fagottisti, and violinisti,
Superbi, Sublime, Divine Artisti!
 Joachim, Sainton, and Blagrove, and Molique,
 Whose famed Stradivariusses,
Amatis', Guarnariusses,
 Can groan like the chol'ra, and scream like the colic,
 And the aspirants all,
 The great and the small,
 Let loose upon London to blow, scrape, or squall,
 From Prague and from Paris and Berlin and Brussels,
 With small stocks of brain, but immense power of muscles!
 I breakfast off programmes,
 I sup upon scores,
 I vote my friends fogrums,
 And flats, brutes, and bores,
 Because they object to my musical taste,
 And declare that I'm crazy, and ought to be placed
 In the care of the Court—
 * * * * *
 Here the MS. closes in a maze of Musical notation.

MR. BRIGGS.—(Rejected by Mr. Punch).—The following bill was sent in to Mr. Briggs by a small farmer on a neighbouring estate:—

"Mr. Briggs to Joseph Leaf.
 "To getting in Barly Field and 2 men catching off him . 0 2 0
 Mr. Briggs paid the sum under protest.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. — Titians, Alboni, Piccolomini; Belletti, Benevenuto, Aldighieri, Vialletti, and Ginglini.

The following arrangements have been made:—
Tuesday, June 29—LUISA MILLER. Luisa, Madlle. Piccolomini; Federica, Madame Alboni; Rodolfo, Sig. Ginglini. And a Divertissement from Aumer's Ballet of LA SONNAMBULA, with Madame Rosati (her first appearance) and Madlle. Pocchini.

Thursday, July 1st (Extra Night)—IL TROVATORE. Leonora, Madlle. Titians; Azucena, Madame Alboni; and Manrico, Sig. Ginglini. And a Divertissement with Madame Rosati and Madlle. Pocchini.

Applications to be made at the Box-office at the Theatre.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, and during the week, will be presented
Shakspeare's play of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shylock, Mr. C. Kean; Portia, Mrs. C. Kean. Preceded by (first time) a new Farce, in one act, entitled DYING FOR LOVE.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, June 26, the performance will commence with a new and original comedy, entitled, GOING TO THE BAD. To conclude with A CABINET QUESTION. Commence at half-past 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MAD. WILHELMINA CLAUSSE's Concert, and that of MADAME SHERRINGTON LEMMENS, will, with others, be noticed in our next.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, 1858.

ALTHOUGH the death of Dr. Horsley can hardly be regarded as a loss to the art which he professed, since he had for many years ceased to take any active share in its progress, such an event cannot be allowed to pass without some allusion in a journal devoted to music and musicians. Dr. Horsley, like the late Mr. Attwood and others, belonged to a school which may be styled, without impropriety, the "conservative"—a school with narrow views and narrower principles. The followers of this school never went very far, never dived very profoundly into the secrets of art; but what they did was well done, and they were led to believe, from its success, that nothing else could or ought to be done in England. Though some of them survived until a period when music was making vast strides in this country, when young men imbued with a healthy enthusiasm for the great European masters began to emulate them in their loftiest flights with more or less felicity, the members of this "conservative" school kept haughtily aloof, neither by word nor deed offering the smallest encouragement to their more ardent and enterprising juniors. On the contrary, they regarded them with a sort of magnanimous compassion, and, with worse than indifference, threw cold water on all their aspirations. The influence thus exercised by the elders of the profession was most obnoxious, since from the position naturally accorded to their age and experience they could, had they been so inclined, have materially advanced the cause, and instead of casting impediments in the way of musical progress, might have given it an extra impetus. Preferring, however, to look on with folded arms, they rather damped the ardour of the rising generation than stimulated it to increased exertion.

Dr. Horsley, like most of his English contemporaries, had faith in Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, patted Weber and Mendelssohn on the head, as clever boys, and set his face obstinately against the last and grandest works of Beethoven. In short, with Handel for a bible, and Mozart for a Shakspeare, he believed, in the innocence of his heart, that the

rest was concentrated in such things as "By Celia's arbour," and "See the chariot at hand,"—little dreaming that music had gone so far ahead as to dispense with these graceful trifles altogether. The truth is, in Dr. Horsley's prime, with rare exceptions, the art in England was only studied up to a certain point. A glee, or part-song, was the essence of melody and harmony; a vocal canon the last step of science. Pinto—who might have done more, had he lived, than all the "conservatives" that ever breathed—was thus compelled to seek for sympathy and brotherhood at the hands of those eminent foreign musicians who either resided among us or honoured us with periodical visits. Pinto, it is well known, smarted under the contumely heaped upon him by a number of influential professors who had reached a certain limit, and being unable to travel beyond it, set up a land-mark—as much as to say, "This is the *ne plus ultra*; here is the barrier beyond which there is no salvation." Moreover, at bottom, Pinto cherished but little respect for men of such confined views, and it was to be lamented that his very questionable social character, his habits of intemperance, and his somewhat lax principles, furnished those who in other respects were greatly his inferiors with weapons to use against him. He died in penury, at the age of twenty-one, depriving England of the chance of another Purcell, and leaving the kingdom of art in the undisputed possession of the "Perruque." From Pinto's time down to the period of Rossini's advent, Weber's visits to England, and the subsequent influence of Spohr and Mendelssohn, music remained at a stand-still here; and a fixed measure of common-place was accepted as the *sine quâ non*. Happily we have grown out of this, and though the fresh men that appeared some twenty years since, and made uncompromising war on the "Perruque" have not entirely answered the expectations that were entertained of them, they, at any rate, laid the foundation of a new era, and gave birth to a taste so much more exacting, that, one by one, our "conservatives" were forced, in spite of themselves, to retire into obscurity. No longer exercising any authority, and not having that within them which could enable them to promote the onward march of art, they were at all events debarred thenceforth from the privilege of retarding it.

Dr. Horsley was one of the best of the "conservatives," and, in some instances, one of the least bigoted. Nevertheless, he belonged to the sect; and, as art is a sacred thing and its welfare of far more importance than the mere consideration which the rules of politeness invite us to extend to individuals, it is as well, while mentioning with sincere regret the fact of his demise, that the exact position he held, and the manner in which, personally and professionally, he influenced those about him, should be candidly stated. The *Athenæum*,*

* "The long life of Mr. Horsley, one of the patriarchs of English music, and certainly one of the best composers this country has ever produced, closed a few days since. He was in his eighty-fourth year; and for something like three-parts of a century had kept a distinguished place among our professors, having only retired from the organ at which he presided a very few years since. It would be too much to expect one trained and occupied as he was to have kept pace with a time which successfully flung out vanities and novelties so great and distinct as Beethoven, Signor Rossini, Weber—not to speak of the Liszt and Chopins and Thalbergs, who for awhile pushed aside the smoother and simpler pianoforte music of elder dynasties. But Mr. Horsley's moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren, if even he had not deserved well of old and young among them, by writing some of the most beautiful part-music in being. His glees in every respect merit this epithet. The words are mostly chosen with a refinement of

in a notice remarkable for good feeling, calls Dr. Horsley "one of the best composers this country has ever produced,"—an opinion from which we are compelled emphatically to dissent. That, however, to use the language of our contemporary—"his moral worth and uprightness would have always kept him in a place of credit among his brethren,"—even if he had written fewer things and of less worth, no one that knew him can deny. Dr. Horsley was a most estimable man, and will be remembered and lamented as such; but the art of music would have been probably just in the same condition if he had never been a composer.

HAVING, in its number of the 19th inst., settled that Mad. Ristori's Lady Macbeth is the finest thing in the world—nay, so very fine, that the admiring critic was forced into a self-contradiction; being made to assert that "a work of art was to be felt rather than talked about"—having done all this, we say, the *Saturday Review* found itself compelled to attack somebody. This was the more requisite, as Mr. Charles Dickens' readings received a modicum of commendation, in the same number. If the *Saturday Review* were once deemed a panegyrist, its character would be gone for ever. So, under the circumstances, a puny offering to the infernal gods would not suffice; the desired equilibrium was not to be restored without a portly victim. No less a personage, therefore, than Shakspeare himself, was selected for immolation.

The gorgeous "revival" of the *Merchant of Venice* at the Princess's Theatre affords the opportunity for bringing the Bard of Avon into court. And the writer is at much pains to let us know that the said bard is the only party prosecuted. Of the manager's part of the work, he says, with great justice:—

"Mr. Kean deserves unqualified praise for the care and reverential spirit in which he has placed the *Merchant of Venice* on the stage. The cycle of his great restorations would have been incomplete without this noble effort. Considering the capabilities of his restricted stage, the fact that he has gained so complete a scenic success is perhaps a more substantial triumph than any of his former revivals. Of course, Venice demands a larger canvas."

On this last proposition the critic expatiates, and he also finds fault with the introduction of the old English song, "It was a lover and his lass," as not in keeping with the "refined Italian maid," fearful lest Mr. Kean should derive pleasure too unqualified from the preceding eulogy. However, considering that the value of an article is in some degree measured by its rarity, Mr. Charles Kean need not feel dissatisfied, either as a manager or as an actor, with the praise cautiously doled out to him by the *Saturday Review*.

Shakspeare, as we have said, is the butt at which the *Saturday* shafts are directed, and, first of all, the admiration of his German critics is to be disposed of. Shakspearean as we are, we confess ourselves, as far as the opposition to the Germans is concerned, entirely on the side of the *Saturday Review*:—

"We shall of course lose all caste with the extreme school of Shaksperolatrists if we confess to an inability to follow the transcen-

taste in itself significant: the melody in them has generally a grace and distinctness, and the harmony is always pure, rich, and delicate. It is almost superfluous to name, "By Celia's Harbour," and "See the Chariot." In the stricter forms of composition, Mr. Horsley, too, was fortunate and free. His vocal canons are excellent of their kind. It is pleasant to think that competence, respect of friends, and the domestic ministrations of those who, without indiscretion, may be characterised as a remarkable artist-family, made the latter days of his life easy and cheerful."

dental critics, Ulrici and Tieck, in their interpretation of the *Merchant of Venice*. They affect—Ulrici especially—to find in the three parallel intrigues of this play a common moral purpose. Shakspeare's object was, we are told, to show that an entire and resolute consistency always leads to wrong. *Summum jus summa injuria*. Had the letter of the law been carried out with an iron and unflinching severity, the greatest evil would have been the result. Law must have a conscience, and must occasionally be strained—otherwise Shylock's claim for his bond would be impregnable. The parental relation is not to be stretched too tight, and therefore Jessica was right in eloping. A dead father's will, if carried out strictly, requires the immediate interposition of the god of love, inspiring Bassanio to choose the lucky casket. The fair and witty Portia might have been Princess of Morocco had it not been for a chance—a better arbiter of right and wrong practically than a father's will. This is as ingenious as it is nonsensical."

Well done, *Saturday Review*, very nonsensical in deed. The theory above described is a fair specimen of that art of forcing out erudite meanings which so often renders German criticism a positive nuisance. But we do not understand why Tieck is called "transcendental." Used in philosophy this word has a definite signification; used in ordinary parlance it is a mere vulgar phrase, expressing a vague sneer, and may be supposed to denote something like "abstruse,"—just as "mystical" is occasionally used as a queer sort of equivalent for "difficult," when difficulty is to be made a subject of derision. In any proper sense of the term Tieck is no more "transcendental" than he is algebraical or astronomical.

Let us take a leap, and then follow our instructor:—

"We fairly believe that Shakspeare had no moral idea at all in this play. He got hold of a very silly Italian novel, and a wild and improbable story about a Jew, and in his earliest and worst manner he put the two stories together, without any artistic purpose and with little skill."

Again we find ourselves partly agreeing with the *Saturday Review*. We believe, that although Shakspeare made this play the vehicle for expressing the sublimest moral sentiments, he was not influenced by any moral idea in the construction of the work as a whole. But this is no ground for censure, Shakspeare was not bound to be under a moral influence, whenever he wrote a romantic play—that is to say, put a story into action. As for the tale of Portia and her caskets being silly, it has more point and purpose about it than the generality of Italian novels, being a very fanciful illustration of the proverb "all that glitters is not gold," and its value is fully shown on the stage through the restored scenes of the two unsuccessful suitors, which enable Mrs. Charles Kean to do herself full justice in her fine exhibition of Portia's character. The moral of the tale, such as it is, is carefully worked out by the poet, though we admit the absurdity of considering it identical with the moral of the Shylock part of the drama. That the stories are put together with "little skill" we absolutely deny. Through the self-sacrifice of Antonio, Portia has become united to the only man she loves, and therefore on her devolves the task of rescuing him from the clutches of his enemy. Little skill! We should rather cite the *Merchant of Venice* as an instance of marvellous skill in connecting two stories originally independent of each other.

The following is sad stuff:—

"Jessica is but Juliet-and-water; Gratiano is but a poor edition of Mercutio; Antonio is literally a nobody, whose character is marked rather by epithets—the princely Antonio, the noble Antonio—than by anything noble or princely that he says or does; and Portia, faintly—and, dare we say it, unpleasantly—recalls Beatrice."

Why may not Shakspeare introduce the character of a young woman in love and a facetious gallant without elevating them into the importance of a Juliet or a Mercutio?

Surely this is fault-finding for the mere sake of finding fault. Then, it seems, Antonio neither does nor says anything noble. He lends an enormous sum of money to a friend in a strait, and professing that friendship, which is the actuating principle of his life, he bares his bosom to the knife of the Jew. The critic of the *Saturday Review* is extremely lucky in his acquaintance if he can afford to regard all that Antonio does for Bassanio as—nothing. As for poor Portia, if she unpleasantly recalls Beatrice, the best plan is not to let her do anything of the sort. There is no such close connection between the two that one should necessarily recall the other. If the critic of the *Saturday Review* will perforce think of Beatrice when he is looking at Portia, he has only himself to blame if he finds the sensation unpleasant.

Here comes the summary:—

"The *Merchant of Venice* is, then, in our poor judgment, a much over-rated play. It contains two or three wonderful passages—the speech about mercy, the whole moral force of which, however, is utterly destroyed by the vulgar persecuting spirit in which Portia announces the compulsory conversion of Shylock—and the lines about the harmony of the spheres, which are utterly out of place in a nonentity so contemptible as Lorenzo. The absolute impossibility of any sane person entering into Antonio's revolting contract is so outrageous, that its monstrous extravagance prevents all real dramatic interest in the play."

These remarks betray an utter incapacity for judging the Elizabethan drama from a proper point of view. The improbabilities of the *Merchant of Venice* belong to the very atmosphere amid which that drama had its origin, and to thrust aside the *Merchant of Venice* because no sane person would have signed the "revolting contract," would be as narrow-minded as to reject the Alcestis of Euripides because a dead woman would not so readily come back to life as the ancient model of feminine devotion. Again, why are the lines about the harmony of the spheres utterly out of place in the mouth of Lorenzo? He is a lover, in the first flush of a happy passion, and, with his young wife by his side, he sees all nature under a poetical aspect. Lovers, in the early days of entrancement, like to indulge in dreams of eternity, which is closely associated with that of imperishable union; though, perhaps, in after life, the association becomes less pleasing. These very lines prevent Lorenzo from being a nonentity.

And now, *Saturday Review*, who is to be the next victim? Sophocles? Having already demolished Shylock and Mendelssohn, a recurrence to the Hebrew race will look illiberal. But a victim is decidedly wanted; for we know we are about to be informed that the shadowy Phèdre of Mad. Ristori is ten times better than the true flesh and blood of (the Jewess) Rachel. Sophocles will do very well. The wound of Philoctetes is very nasty, and the appearance of Hercules is very improbable. So there's a subject at once.

MADAME OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT (Jenny Lind) and her husband have arrived in town. They have taken a house at Roehampton, and intend to remain some time in England.

THE last concert of the Vocal Association will take place on Wednesday next, when the leading features will be a performance of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and a new overture by Herr Joachim, entitled, *Henry the Fourth*.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Buckstone closes his theatre on the 7th of July, after an uninterrupted series of performances over 500 nights. The interval between the closure and the opening, which will take place at the end of September, will be employed in renovating and re-decorating the theatre. The Haymarket company proceed, with Mr. Buckstone, to Manchester, where they commence a short season on the 11th July.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE news to be provided this week is prospective rather than retrospective. The subscribers have learned with delight that Madlle. Titiens' *congé* is prolonged, in consequence, as we are officially informed, of the repairs of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna not being completed, whereby the performances are inevitably suspended. An extract from a Vienna paper, however, will be read in another part of our journal, from which it would appear that the admirers of the great Teutonic *prima donna* need be under no apprehensions whatever of her leaving.

The performance of the past week include—Saturday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, for the third time, with *La Reine des Songes*; Tuesday, *Il Trovatore*, with *La Reine des Songes*; and Thursday, *Lucrezia Borgia*, with *Fleur des Champs*. The theatre, on each occasion, has been crowded in every part. On Thursday, Her Majesty and Prince Consort, with the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, attended the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*.

On Tuesday, Madlle. Rosati makes her *rentrée* in a *divertissement* from the ballet of *Sonnambula*, now being performed with great success at the Grand Opera of Paris. Madlle. Spezia will shortly make her *début* for the season in *Nabucco*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Fra Diavolo was performed on Saturday, "by desire." Her Majesty and Prince Albert, with their royal guests, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, occupied the royal box.

Fra Diavolo was repeated on Tuesday, and the *Barbiere* on Thursday, with *La Brésillienne*. Auber is now better represented than Rossini. Time was when no theatre in Europe could compete with the Royal Italian Opera in the performance of Rossini's operas. *Il Barbiere* in the new theatre is not what it used to be in the old.

Martha, for which the *Traviata* is substituted this evening, will be produced on Thursday.

The first extra night of the season takes place on Monday, when the *Huguenots* will be given.

ITALIAN OPERA AT DRURY LANE.

I Puritani cannot be said to have achieved the same success as *Il Barbiere*, not because in its way Madame Persiani's Elvira is not as good as Madame Viardot's Rosina, but because the music of Rossini is more acceptable to the million than that of Bellini, and because the *Puritani* was written not merely to suit the talents, but the peculiarities of four renowned singers. Never was a more admirable piece of musical tailoring than Bellini's *Puritani*. Hence, since the opera was composed, although scores of *prima donnas*, tenors, barytones, and basses, have essayed the parts of Elvira, Arturo, Riccardo, and Giorgio, not one has approached any of the four originals. Until certain memories be erased from the brains of modern opera-goers, it would be better, we fancy, to shelve *I Puritani*, since satisfaction is certain not to follow from its performance. Mad. Persiani even now sings the music of Elvira with extraordinary fluency and brilliancy, and everywhere shows herself the consummate artist, and one of the greatest living mistresses of vocalisation. She acts the part, too, with much feeling and propriety, if she does not exhibit any large amount of passion, and identifies herself with every phase of the character. Still, Elvira does not suit her, either in a vocal or histrionic light, like Lucia, Linda, or some other parts belonging more immediately to her repertory. Mad. Persiani's first appearance at Drury Lane was as great an event as that of Mad. Viardot; only the *Puritani* was not so well played on the whole as the *Barbiere*. Signor Badioli again distinguished himself by his artistic singing and acting. Signor Naudin found the music of Arturo quite out of his way.

Madame Persiani's greatest points were in the polacca and the mad scene. The cavatina, "Qui la voce," was a remarkable display of bravura singing, and created an immense sensation.

La Sonnambula is announced for Monday, with Madame Viardot as Amina. *Norma* is in preparation for the same lady.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Queen, Prince Albert, the King of the Belgians, the Duke and Duchess of Brabant, the Count of Flanders, &c., attended a grand vocal and instrumental concert in St. James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the funds of the Royal Academy of Music. The Hall was not crowded, and yet the public generally was much inconvenienced in consequence of the exceedingly bad arrangements. The representatives of the press were stationed so as to be able to see nothing, hear little, and, at the best, catch colds, sciaticas, lumbagos, mumps, neuralgia, and tooth-ache. Under these circumstances, our record of the event must be a bare one. The Queen and party arrived at nine o'clock, and at a sign from Mr. Costa (conductor), the National Anthem made itself heard, as well as that was possible from the recess in St. James's Hall. We append the list of the orchestra:—

Principal Violins—P. Sainton, H. Blagrove. *First Violins*—R. Clementi, F. Folkes, H. Hill, H. Henniker, A. Haynes, C. W. Isaacs, A. Seymour, A. Simmons, A. Streather, Smith, J. H. B. Dando. *Second Violins*—W. Watson (Principal), F. Amor, G. Cureton, W. Egerton, T. H. Farrar, J. Hill, C. Inwards, J. Kelly, W. Loades, G. L. Newton, T. Watson, W. Blagrove, Payton. *Violas*—C. W. Doyle (Principal), R. Blagrove, C. T. Colchester, J. Gledhill, W. Masom, F. Westlake, J. W. Glanville, H. Trust, W. H. Webb. *Violoncellos*—W. L. Phillips (Principal), W. H. Aylward, H. Chipp, W. H. Goodban, S. Ings, W. Pettit, J. W. Hancock, G. Paque. *Double Basses*—J. Howell (Principal), J. Blakiston, A. Howell, G. Mount, F. S. Pratten, J. Reynolds, C. Severn, H. Winterbottom. *Flutes*—J. Richardson, J. R. Radcliffe, B. Wells. *Piccolo*—E. Card. *Oboes*—G. Horton, H. Malsch. *Clarionets*—H. Lazarus, A. Owen. *Bassoons*—J. G. Waetzig, A. W. Chisholm. *Horns*—C. Harper, J. W. Standen, A. Keilbach, J. Rae. *Trumpets*—T. Harper, J. B. Irwin. *Trombones*—A. Antoine, F. Cioffi, W. Winterbottom. *Ophicleide*—Prosper. *Drums*—T. P. Chipp. *Bass Drum*—R. Seymour. *Harp*—J. Thomas. *Organ*—Dr. Steggall. *Librarian*—Mr. W. Goodwin.

The names printed in italics are those of professors, who, not being exactly aware of the undoubted claims of the Royal Academy of Music on the public generally, and the profession in particular, objected to play without pay. Doubtless they would not have been employed at all had it not been of great consequence that the selections from Lord Westmorland's Mass should be given in such a manner as to make a profound impression upon the royal visitors. The fact of their lack of charity, however, was made evident by the typical artifice above mentioned. The chorus included eighty-four female and twenty-seven male voices; and by what an army of singers the ambassadorial *missa* was backed and enforced may be seen by the following:—

Madame CLARA NOVELLO,	Madlle. TITIENS,
Miss LOUISA PYNE,	Madame Rudersdorff,
Madame WEISS,	Miss Messent,
Miss DOLBY,	Miss Palmer,
Madame VIARDOT;	
Mr. SIMS REEVES,	Signor GIUGLINI,
Mr. HARRISON,	Mr. Allen.
Herr REICHARDT,	Signor BELLETTI,
Mr. WEISS,	Mr. ALLAN IRVING.

Those whose names are in capitals sang in Lord Westmorland's Mass. Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Spohr, and Mendelssohn never, on any occasion, had any of his works entrusted to such a host of talent. Nor, do we believe, that if the occasion had been the performance of a new composition by G. A. Macfarren or Sterndale Bennett, that one out of ten singers (foreign and native) would have come forward. Mr. Costa was the conductor, and Mr. Lucas (conductor of the Royal Academy Concerts) ASSISTANT CONDUCTOR" (!). So that in spite of the countless celebrities, in the shape of composers, players, and singers,

whom the Royal Academy of Music has sent forth, it appears that the institution has not mustered one of sufficient talent to conduct an Academy concert, for the benefit of the Academy, before crowned heads.

We now append the programme:—

PART I.—Selection from a Mass:—Chorus, "Kyrie eleison;" Trio, "Christe eleison;" Mr. Sims Reeves, Sig. Giuglini, and Mr. Harrison; Chorus, "Gloria;" Quartet and Chorus, "Laudamus te;" Madame Viardot, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. Allan Irving; Solo, "Gratias agimus;" Miss Louisa Pyne; Trio, "Domine Deus;" Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, and Signor Belletti; Soli with Chorus, "Qui tollis;" Madlle. Titiens, Mr. Harrison, and Mr. Weiss; Solo, "Quoniam tu," Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Cum Sancto Spiritu;" Chorus, "Sanctus;" Trio, "Benedictus;" Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Hosanna in excelsis;" Solo, "Agnus Dei;" Madlle. Titiens; Solo, "Agnus Dei;" Mr. Sims Reeves; Duo, "Agnus Dei;" Miss Louisa Pyne and Signor Belletti; Chorus, "Dona nobis"—The Earl of Westmorland.

Concertante for four violins, Messrs. Blagrove, Isaac, H. Hill, and Watson—Maurer; Canzonet, "The Spirit Song," Miss Dolby—Haydn; Finale to the opera of "The Regicide," the soli parts by Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Weiss, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Allen, and Mr. Weiss—C. Lucas.

PART II.—Introduction—(Guillaume Tell), the soli parts by Mad. Weiss, Miss Palmer, Herr Reichardt, Signor Giuglini, Signor Belletti, and Mr. Weiss; harp accompaniment, Mr. Thomas—Rossini; Recit. and air, "Deh vieni" (Le Nozze di Figaro), Madame Clara Novello—Mozart; Recit. and Romance, "Ein Mädchen" (Santa Chiara), Herr Reichardt—H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe Coburg; Aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga" (Armida), Mad. Viardot—Handel; Terzetto, "Vanne a colei," Madame Clara Novello, Signor Giuglini, and Mr. Sims Reeves—Costa; Recitative and song with a burden, "The Queen's greeting" (May Day), Miss Louisa Pyne—G. A. Macfarren; Finale to the Opera of "Lorely," Soprano solo, Madlle. Titiens—Mendelssohn.

We have nothing to say about the performance, since we could not hear even Lord Westmorland's Mass distinctly, and are suffering from incipient bronchitis. We believe, although the Hall was not crowded, that something handsome was realised by the entertainment, the sum of two guineas being charged for seats within eye-shot of Her Majesty.

M. CHARLES HALLE'S CHAMBER-MUSIC CONCERTS.

AFTER helping, by his classical playing, to make the fortune of the Musical Union, M. Hallé has seceded from that institution and set up for himself. The concerts he is now giving at Willis's Rooms are of first-class interest, and attract brilliant and fashionable audiences. The programme of the first (Thursday afternoon, June 17) was as follows:—

Trio in E major—Haydn. Solo, violin—Praeludio, Loure and Gavotte in E major—S. Bach. Grand Sonata, pianoforte and violin, in A minor, op. 47, dedicated to Kreutzer—Beethoven. Stück im Volkstone, pianoforte and violoncello, op. 102, No. 1, "Mit Humor," in A minor; No. 2, "Langsam," in F; No. 4, "Nicht zu rasch," in D—Schumann. Solo, pianoforte, Nocturne in F sharp, op. 15, "Berceuse," op. 57—Chopin. Grand Trio in E flat, op. 70, No. 2—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé; violin, Herr Joachim; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

That of the second (Thursday evening, June 24) was as follows:—

Quartet, two violins, viola, and violoncello, in F minor, op. 80 (Posth.)—Mendelssohn. Sonata, pianoforte and violoncello, in D, op. 102, No. 2—Beethoven. Rondeau Brillant, pianoforte and violin, in B minor, op. 70—F. Schubert. Solo, pianoforte, "Promenades d'un solitaire," Nos. 1 and 4; Valse in C sharp minor and D flat—Heller and Chopin. Grand Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello, in D, op. 70, No. 1—Beethoven.

Executants—Pianoforte, M. Charles Hallé; violins, Herr Joachim and Herr Pollitzer; viola, Mr. Webb; violoncello, Signor Piatti.

At the third and last (July 8) the programme will include Mozart's Concerto in E flat, for two pianofortes, performed by Miss Arabella Goddard and M. Charles Hallé, with orchestral accompaniments—a welcome announcement. We propose to review the three concerts in one article.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

THE sixth and last concert, on Monday evening, was "by command." Her Majesty, the Prince, King Leopold, and *suite*, arrived after the first part was over—although the programme was entirely of royal manufacture. We append it:—

PART I.			
Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits"	Weber.	
Aria, "Parto," Miss Louisa Pyne, clarinet obligato, Mr. Williams (La Clemenza di Tito)	Mozart.	
Concerto, violin (No. 8, scena cantante), Herr Joachim	...	Spohr.	
Duetto, Misses Louisa and Susan Pyne, "Come, be gay" (Der Freischütz)	Weber.	
Overture, "Leonora"	Beethoven.	
PART II.			
Sinfonia in B flat (No 4)	Beethoven.	
Prrière et Barcarole, Miss Louisa Pyne (L'Etoile du Nord)	Meyerbeer.	
Concerto, violin, Herr Joachim	Mendelssohn.	
Overture, "Tannhäuser"	Wagner.	
Conductor—Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc.			

During the first part the gas nearly went out, a flickering from a "bec" or so being all that remained; and Herr Joachim played the magnificent piece by Spohr—magnificently—in a sort of questionable twilight. His success was triumphant, and he was recalled unanimously. The other pieces, vocal and instrumental, also went well, in spite of the gas. At the end of the first part Director McMurdie made a speech, which, though inaudible to the audience, was apparently understood by the gas. This latter vanished altogether, as though by command, and the anxious audience were left in utter darkness.

Before Her Majesty arrived the lights had been partially restored, but the odour and the heat, notwithstanding the opening of doors and windows, were intolerable. Numbers of persons (who had only come to see the Queen) fled precipitately. Nevertheless, the symphony went well; Herr Joachim played Mendelssohn's concerto superbly; Miss Louisa Pyne sang Meyerbeer's barcarole with her accustomed talent; and the overture to *Tannhäuser* was given with such energy that there was an apprehension that the gas would once more take its departure, in pure fright at such a strange chaos of noises. And thus (with an enthusiastic and well-merited "ovation" for Professor Bennett—after Her Majesty had retired), ended the season, about which, and the Philharmonic Society generally, we shall have something to say in our next.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.—Her Majesty's Theatre has seldom presented a more splendid appearance at a morning performance than on Monday, when the annual concert of Mr. Benedict took place. Every box and stall was occupied, and the pit, amphitheatre, and gallery were crowded. All classes were attracted by the programme, which, though too long, comprised several pieces of unusual interest. The singers included all the artists of the establishment, together with Madame Viardot, Miss Louisa Pyne, and Madame Sherrington Lemmens; while Herr Joachim, MM. Molique, Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, Blagrove, Rubinstein, and G. Alois Schmidt joined Mr. Benedict in the instrumental department. The programme was divided into three parts. The first and last were miscellaneous. The second part was "dramatic" and included the *scena* and *aria*, with chorus, from Benedict's opera, *Der alte vom Berge* (*The Crusaders*), sung by Herr Fischek; the grand *scena* from *Oberon*, "Ozeane, du Ungehrue" ("Ocean, thou mighty monster"); concluding with Paisiello's one act operetta, *La Serva Padrona*, by Mademoiselle Piccolomini, Signors Rossi and Cazaboni. The fine air from the *Crusaders* was powerfully sung by the German barytone, the chorus rendering good assistance. Mdlle. Titiens was splendid in the *scena* from *Oberon*, her grand voice telling with singular effect in this most exacting of soprano airs. Paisiello's old-fashioned operetta—old-fashioned both in plot and music, the latter most charming, nevertheless—owed much of its effect to the vivacious acting and determined singing of Mdlle. Piccolomini, whom we should like to see play the part of the intriguing maid-servant on the stage.

The duet for master and servant is by far the most genuine piece of music in the operetta, and was loudly applauded. Mdlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Rossi being honoured with a recall. The admirers of Paisiello, however, must not accept the *Serva Padrona* as a sample of his best manner. Besides the *scena* from the *Crusaders*, Mr. Benedict contributed to the programme, from his own works, the overture to the *Gipsy's Warning*, two unaccompanied trios for female voices—"Schlummerlied" and "Im Walde"—sung by Mdlle. Titiens, Mesdames Sherrington Lemmens and Viardot; song, "The Skylark;" and the air of the page, "Quand tout d'un coup," from *Les Nonnes de Robert*. Both the unaccompanied trios—melodious, and masterpieces of vocal writing—were beautifully sung, more especially the second "Im Walde," which appeared to delight Mr. Benedict's aristocratic listeners. Mad. Sherrington gave the song of the page with great brilliancy, and Miss Louisa Pyne the "Skylark" with, if possible, more brilliancy. Rapturous encores were awarded to Mad. Albani in the rondo from *Cenerentola*; to Mdlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini in the "Miserere" scene from the *Trovatore*; to Signor Giuglini in the ballad "Tu m'ami, ah! si bell' anima" ("When other lips") from the *Bohemian Girl*; and to Herr Joachim in Paganini's *Capriccio*. The last alone was not accepted, the great violinist obstinately declining to do more than reappear and bow. One of the most interesting performances of the concert was Bach's Triple Concerto for three pianofortes (with additional accompaniments by Moscheles), played by Herr Rubinstein, Mr. Benedict and Herr G. Alois Schmidt. Herr Rubinstein executed a cadence of his own making, which threatened dissolution to the great chandelier, and drowned "Echo" in the hurly-burly. Maurer's Concertante for six violins, too, was an interesting performance, more particularly since it was entrusted to such eminent hands as Herr Joachim, Herr Molique, MM. Maurer, Deichmann, V. Collins, and Blagrove.

HER LOUIS RIES, nephew of the celebrated Ferdinand Ries, gave a concert on Friday evening last week, at Willis's Rooms. He was assisted by MM. Pauer, Deichmann, Webb, Günther, A. Maurer, and F. Pratten, as instrumentalists, and Mdlle. de Villars contributed the vocal pieces. Herr Louis Ries, with MM. Deichman, Webb, Günther, Maurer, and Pratten, executed the grand sextuor, in A minor, of Ferdinand Ries, for two violins, two violas, violoncello, and contrabasso; the first allegro of Spohr's ninth concerto in D minor; and, with Herr Pauer, Beethoven's sonata, for pianoforte and violin, in E flat, Op. 12. Herr Louis Ries, not merely in his selection of pieces, but in his style and the solidity of his execution, declared his predilection for the best school of violin playing. Herr Pauer gave two solos of Henselt; Herr A. Maurer (son of the celebrated violinist), executed Schubert's "Ave Maria," and Mdlle. de Villars sang some favourite songs.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—Mr. Leslie has the great merit of having revived that taste for pure vocal harmony which, in the olden time, was so highly cultivated and so widely diffused in England. He has formed a number of musical ladies and gentlemen into a choral body, and has taught them to sing in a manner much superior to anything that has been heard in this country in our day; nay—if we are to take the much-praised Cologne choir as a fair specimen of German choral singing—in a manner at least equal to what is usually heard in that harmonious land. In precision, purity of intonation, and attention to the delicacies of expression and effect, Mr. Leslie's choristers rival those of Cologne; while their harmony has the superior sweetness caused by the infusion of female voices; and they have the further advantage of singing much better music—our grand and beautiful old madrigals and the glees of our great masters being as much above the trivial modern part-songs to which the Cologne gentlemen were addicted, as the harmony of Mozart is above that of Verdi. Mr. Leslie, moreover, has not only taught his choir to sing the most exquisite part-music in the world, but he has taught the public to appreciate and enjoy it. Ever since the formation of his choir, some three years ago, their performances have become more and more popular; and now the announcement of a concert of Mr. Leslie's choir never fails to fill to the very doors the great expanse of St. Martin's Hall. This was the case on Friday evening, when an immense audience listened to one of the best concerts Mr. Leslie has ever given.—*Daily News*.

MADAME BASSANO AND HERR WILHELM KUHE gave their annual morning concert on Thursday, at the Hanover Rooms, which were filled to overflowing. The selection was good, but much too long. We hope to live to see a concert-giver who will take for his motto, "Brevity is the soul of attraction," and act up to it. Twenty-five pieces before dinner—in the loveliest part of the day, too—and one of them nearly half-an-hour long—Mendelssohn's trio in D minor, for piano, violin, and violoncello—is more than enough to take away one's appetite. Luckily these elongated concerts kill themselves. Nobody waits to the end, so that a number of pieces are always omitted. The selection provided for their friends by the highly-respected professors above mentioned was good, and the talent employed undeniable. Among the artists who assisted were Mad. Viardot, Mad. Sherrington Lemmens, Mr. Sims Reeves, Herr Pischek, M. Sainton, and Signor Piatti. A very fine performance of Mendelssohn's trio just named was given by Herr Kühe, M. Sainton, and Sig. Piatti. Herr Kühe executed several solos, among the rest two bagatelles of his own composition—"Au bord d'un lac" and "Grande Marche Triomphale"—both of which were admired and received with applause. Madame Bassano sang Rossi's aria, "Ah rendimi," the Scotch ballad "The bonnie wee wife," the battle duet from *Tancredi* with Mr. Sims Reeves, and took part in a trio with Mesdames Viardot and Sherrington Lemmens. Madame Bassano's fine contralto voice was perhaps heard to greatest advantage in Rossi's aria, although in every piece there was evidence of the accomplished singer. The most brilliant vocal performance of the concert was the air, "Oh quelle nuit," from the *Domino Noir*, by Madame Sherrington Lemmens; the most finished and expressive, the *Romanza*, "Quando le sere," from *Luisa Miller*, by Mr. Sims Reeves; and the most strictly classical, an aria from Handel's *Alcina*, by Madame Viardot. Messrs. Benedict and Francesco Berger conducted.

MISS MCAULPINE'S CONCERT.—The Annual Concert of the clever and pains-taking vocalists, the Misses McAlpine, took place on Monday evening, the 14th instant, at the Hanover Rooms, in presence of a large congregation of fashionables. The patronage extended to the fair sisters on the present occasion issued from the highest quarters, and was not confined to illustrious members of our home nobility, but included exotic dignitaries, such as His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, and His Excellency Ferouk Khan, the Persian ambassador, to say nothing of the Rajah of Sarawak (who is not foreign, but Hibernian), Generals Sir Fenwick Williams and Sir Henry Storks, &c., &c. The vocalists who assisted the Misses McAlpine were Mad. Gassier, Miss Augusta Manning, Mdle. Sedlatzek, Herr Richard Deck, and Mr. Allan Irving; the instrumentalists—Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jansa, and Herr Lidel. The first effort of the sisters was in Balfe's popular duet, "Trust him not," which was received with loud applause. Miss McAlpine's execution of the grand scena from *Der Freischütz*, if not perfect, displayed good points, and was to be praised throughout for dramatic feeling. A ballad entitled "I've always a welcome for thee," very prettily warbled by Miss Margaret McAlpine, pleased unanimously; as did also the *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia*, by the same young lady. The duet from the *Stabat Mater*, "Quis est homo," was sadly shorn of its attractions without the orchestral accompaniment. The four Scottish duets were all well sung. The single classical piece of the programme was Beethoven's trio, No. 1, op. 70, for piano, violin, and violoncello, admirably executed by Miss Binfield Williams, Herr Jansa, and Herr Lidel.

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Printed by WILLIAM SPENCER JOHNSON, "Nassau Steam Press," 60, St. Martin's lane, in the Parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, June 26, 1858.